

The trumbler

He has taken any money from his sponsors and the state
and does not care about his country's fate.

Golfing with some creepers any hour any day
and still convinced he'll win so he can stay.

But his influence is decreasing, so I hope his time has come,
and he will be a loser off the charts.

From the highlands to the coast all that remains should be the ghost
of a paranoid screamer and his farts.

He's an idiot,
likes to riot,
truth's his blind spot,
needs a big pot.

He's a gangster with an ego Dorian Gray had never got,
never fair to any other - boy or girl, he doesn't bother,
takin' every perpetrator on his shortcut down to hell.

He is fooling his believers every hour every day,
twittering more shit the world can take,
damning former friends for all mistakes along his way
and finding new companions 'cause his fake.

Even the law is never safe from all corruption thanks to him,
but finally I'm sure he's gonna fail.

We will hear his noisy fall even if time could make him slim.

The only place that's waiting is in jail

He's a scrambler,
he's the trumbler,
he's a liar,
fans the fire.

He's a businessman who hates all others win,
once he has lost.

In truth he's just a hustler, partly dumb and without shame,
but the world will shed no tear, when this old gambler's lost his game.